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January.

BY T. M. CONROY.

❧ BROUGHT the year 'mid welcome cheer
❧ With treasures bright and rare;
To those in hope, I gave full scope
To lay these treasures bare.

My greatest joy knew no alloy,
For young and gay was I;
And youth alone is hardly prone
To bid a person sigh.

The old year ended, I extended
A hand to Father Time,
I calmed the sorrow that sought a morrow
And called the pleasure mine.

In stiff brocade with gold inlaid
I hang the heavens low;
On window pane I breathe my name
And let the winds to blow.

Your gardens bright, I hide from sight;
And cover field and plain,
And mountains all both great and small
And block the narrow lane.

The bloom is gone, and early dawn
Finds everything all white;
The singing bird is never heard
Until I've passed in flight.

But I would teach to those in reach
A lesson on beginning,
If plans you make—they ne'er forsake,
For leaving off is sinning.

Proverb Stories.

BY REV. A. M. GRUSSI, C. PP. S.

A GREAT MOTIVE POWER.

❧ WHAT is meant by a "motive power"?
❧ According to the definition as given
by Webster a motive power "is a natural
agent, as water, steam, wind, electricity, etc.,
used to impart motion to machinery." The
story I shall now relate does not treat of any
such natural agent or motive power. There
are motive powers of another kind, namely
such as move the human will to action.
These may fitly be termed spiritual motive
powers. To this kind belongs the "great
motive power" which forms the scope of this
"Proverb Story". In one sense it is the
greatest, strongest of all spiritual motive
powers, since it moves and controls the will
of more human beings than does any other
such force or power. To this power Byron
refers when he says:

"Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou Loadstar
Of the Soul! thou true magnetic Pole, to which
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles."

"All hearts" says the poet. No, not
quite all. The question is: Which is the
greatest spiritual motive power whereby the
will of any individual human being may be
moved and controlled? Let St. Paul an-
swer the question. "I am sure," he ex-
claims, "that no creature shall be able to

separate us from the love of God." Yes, my readers, the love of God alone is able to control and subdue every human passion, good or bad. It can also draw away the heart of man from the "true magnetic Pole" of which the poet speaks; it can break the "Loadstar's" fatal charm so as always to keep the heart pointed heavenward. How many human hearts are there and always have been, in which the love of God has reigned and reigns supreme! But there are also certain evil passions—and these too may be called spiritual motive powers—which may and alas! very frequently do gain the ascendancy over all other passions and inclinations in the hearts of individuals. And so there are evil passions which may vanquish, in the heart of an individual, even the "great motive power" of which the present story treats. I repeat, however, with regard to mankind in general it is only too true: The "true magnetic Pole" is not only a great spiritual motive power, but it is the greatest, because farthest reaching, of all such powers.

Samuel Fellows was a young man not quite two years married. His wife was a good, patient woman. And indeed, poor woman! she needed a great deal of goodness, and especially a great deal of patience. Was her husband an invalid unable to work? Was he a cripple? No. He was a lazy, dronish man, utterly improvident, not unable but unwilling to work for the support of himself and his little family.

Did Mabel Brookley know, before she married Samuel, that he was such a man? Yes, she knew it very well. Her parents had refused their consent to the marriage just for this very reason; many of her friends had warned her against it. Why, then, did she marry him? Yes, why! Who can solve this riddle of human life? When blind passion usurps the place that reason and conscience ought to occupy, people are liable to make mistakes that may be followed by very sad, even fatal consequences. Reason and conscience usually wake up again afterwards; but the mistake is made and cannot be unmade. The consequences of the mis-

take must be suffered until death puts an end—not to the consequences, but to the suffering.

Such a mistake Mabel Brookley had made when she married Samuel Fellows; and now she had to suffer for it most grievously. It was she who had to provide the means of support for her husband, herself, and their child. Samuel would do nothing to earn a living. He would spend most of his time lounging about the village. He did not spend much money, because he hadn't any and couldn't get any. So far no dishonesty could be traced to him, nor was he otherwise really a bad man. He had no love for his wife, and therefore he treated her with heartless disregard. But he had never abused her by blows or any other bodily ill-treatment. All that Samuel wanted was the necessary clothing, his daily three meals, and to be kept comfortably warm whenever he was at home during cold weather. This he demanded; and it was his wife's task to provide for it all. Whenever he asked for something and it was not immediately forth-coming, then he would growl and scold until he obtained what he wanted.

Can you imagine, dear readers, how sad and trying was the young wife's lot? Nevertheless she bore her trials with remarkable patience. She worked hard every day, chiefly at sewing and washing, to provide for the wants of the family, her husband's included. Still she thought many a time: If only something would turn up to rouse Samuel from his inertness!

The Genius of Industry had observed this condition of affairs for a long time, and he pitied the poor wife very much. One morning early in spring Samuel left the house as usual to idle away his time by loitering about in the village. Mabel was sitting by the table helping the baby to take its breakfast. The young mother's heart was heavy, and big tears were coursing down her cheeks. "Oh!" she sobbed, "who would ever have believed that I must lead such a life? Yet I love him so much!" Beside her stood Industry eyeing her with looks of pitying sadness. "Poor

woman!" sighed the Genius. "How I pity you! If I could only get a hold of that man's heart, a strong and lasting hold, I'd soon change him, and your lot would speedily become a different one. But how to get a hold of his heart—that's the difficulty! I've made many an effort, but so far without the least success. I must try another means: perhaps that will help. I must get some of the other Genii to assist me. So I'll go out now and call such of them as I can find together for a meeting."

At Industry's call several Genii were soon assembled in a small grove not far from the house in which Mr. Fellows lived. They were six in number, besides Industry; namely Cold, Rain, Sunshine, Poverty, Hunger and Sickness. Industry explained to his companions the purpose for which he had called them to the meeting. He pictured to them in glowing terms the misery of the poor young mother; and he requested them to consult among themselves as to what they could do to help her. "My purpose is," thus Industry concluded his address, "to rouse the husband from his indolence and get him to work for the support of his family. The question is: What is the best way of proceeding to gain this end?"

The seven Genii then held a consultation; and after debating the various propositions made, they at last agreed on a plan of operation. After some time spent in friendly conversation they separated, Industry returning to the house from which he had come.

Towards evening of the same day Sickness approached the home and began to peep in through the window. "There she is," muttered the Genius to himself, "and her husband, the lazy fellow, is also in the room. I'd much rather attack him; but that would only make it worse for her. Much as I regret to do so, I must seize hold of the wife. It is not improbable that when the husband sees his wife lying sick in bed, he will at last bestir himself and go to work at something. If not, he shall soon have starvation staring him in the face. So, here goes!" And the next moment Sickness had entered the house.

Mrs. Fellows got an attack of the ague; and now she lay in bed, covered up with the few quilts and blankets that were in the house, shivering and chattering with her teeth from the chill. "O merciful God!" she exclaimed, "I have taken the ague! What will become of us, if I remain sick and shall be unable to work?" What did the husband do? Did he go out now to look for work? Not he! He had to stay at home to wait on his sick wife! Besides, so he told her, there were provisions enough in the house to last for a few days, at least. By that time the sickness would be gone, and things would go on again smoothly as usual. His wife dared not make any further complaint; she knew it would only make Samuel angry. In her heart she prayed to God to let her die—if only He would allow her to take her baby, poor little thing! with her into the other world!

Late the next morning Sickness heard a light knock on the door; and on his calling out "Come in!" the Genius of Poverty entered through the closed door. "I sent Industry out early this morning to look for you," whispered Sickness. "Though I pity the poor, sick wife and the baby, yet I say to you, my comrade: 'Welcome to the home of the sluggard!' You have been, so far, kept away from this family through the untiring energy of this noble woman. Now you have free access, and you can begin your work unhindered. See what you can do to help us."

Poverty soon made his presence felt. Under his touch the victuals began gradually to disappear from the cup-board, pantry and cellar. "Hunger will come next," he remarked to himself. "Let us see what sort of a face the drone will put on then! But I must also do something to help Rain and Cold when they come." And Poverty widened the chinks of the walls and the holes that were already in the roof.

The Genius of Hunger made his appearance in the afternoon of the fourth day after Sickness had first entered the house. Mrs. Fellows was still lying in bed—she had just

had the chill, and now the fever was coming on again. The provisions were all gone. The sick wife, having no appetite whatever for eating, did not feel the approach of Hunger; but her husband and the baby began to notice his presence soon enough.

"This is the first time since we're married," said Samuel, morosely, "that I must go to bed without supper. The woman that was here this morning looking about her dress gave you some money to buy medicine with. She said she would come again this evening; and I told you to ask her for some more money with which to get us something to eat. But the woman didn't come. I tell you, Mabel: If you don't procure help some way to keep us from getting hungry—as sure as you live, I'll leave you never to return. Do you hear? I'll stand it till tomorrow noon, and no longer."

"If only you would leave her, you heartless brute!" exclaimed the three Genii in one voice, "your wife would then be rid of you, and that would be a blessing for her."

The lady, a good charitable woman, came the next morning. Giving way at last to the tears and pleadings of the sick wife, she left a sum of money sufficient to purchase the food needed for the family. "Your husband does not deserve it, my dear," she remarked, "but I cannot bear to see you and the baby starve." So the effort that Hunger was making proved unavailing.

The day following the Genius of Rain made his appearance in the house. It was raining heavily outside, and the wind blew in many drops through the chinks in the wall. The rain penetrated also through the holes in the roof, and soon came dropping from the ceiling on the floor, and even on the bed in which the sick woman was lying. In the afternoon the weather took a sudden change—the Genius of Cold began to execute his part of the plan. He came whistling in with the wind through the shaky windows and the cracks in the walls—even the lazy husband, who happened to be at home just then, had to shiver at his approach. "This weather

is ugly enough to make one sick," grumbled Samuel. "Everything is damp from the rain; and now it's turning cold, and not a chunk of coal in the house to build a fire with. You better hurry up and get well, Mabel. The roof of our house and the walls must be repaired to protect us from the wind and rain. You have a little of that money left that the woman gave you, haven't you? I'll use it to buy some coal with. You ask the woman for more money, when she visits you again; and then we can get more coal, if we should happen to need it. We daren't starve and we daren't freeze. Do you understand?"

The wife understood well enough, but she said not a word. When the husband had gone out, she gave free vent to her anguish by weeping and sobbing. "O Lord God, have pity on me and let me get well soon, or let me die!" she cried. Presently Samuel returned with a bucketful of coal. The fire was soon burning, and in consequence both the cold and the dampness vanished from the room. But no thought of going out to look for work!

During the night the clouds cleared away and the cold wind ceased blowing. The atmosphere became warmer. In the morning Genius Sunshine peeped mildly in through the windows. "The other Genii all failed in their task," he said musingly to himself, "I hardly expect that I can coax him out and make him go to work. He is simply dead to every sense of a husband's duty. I will comfort the poor wife, since I cannot do more." And gentle Sunshine did comfort her greatly. The husband went out after breakfast, not to work, but to spend the forenoon as usual in idleness.

The ague was stopped; the chill and fever did not return again. Within a week Mrs. Fellows had recovered most of her strength, so that she could once more take up her work. Thanks to the heroic endurance of his wife, the husband could again live fairly contented.

A few days later, while out in the village on a tour of inspection, Industry met another

Genius, an intimate acquaintance of his. The two friends had not seen each other for some time; so much the greater was their pleasure in meeting now so unexpectedly.

"Good morning, my friend," thus Industry was saluted by the Genius of Wealth. "I am glad to see you again at last. How are the times? and how is business? Not very prosperous, if I am to judge by your atrabilious face. You seem to be considerably out of humor."

"Indeed, I have reason to be; not on account of times or business in general, but for a special and very good reason. I'll walk with you a few minutes and explain to you the cause of my present ill-humor." And Industry narrated to his friend Wealth the story of Samuel Fellows and his unfortunate wife.

"I am sorry, Industry, that I wasn't present at your meeting in the grove," said Wealth, when Industry had finished telling his story. "I would have been glad to join in with you and give you and the other Genii all the aid in my power. But it is not yet too late for me to supplement your experiment. As soon as I have arranged my plan, I'll visit the house in which the unfortunate woman lives; and then we'll see what I can do to help her. You know, my dear friend, that I have a greater power to move the will of man towards the good as well as the evil than any other Genius on earth. What you and the other six Genii could not effect even by mutually assisting one another, that I may be able to effect alone without assistance from anyone. Let me but awaken in this man's heart the love of money, and you will be surprised to see what a hold you have gained on him. So fare you well, my friend. I hope soon to meet you again in the house wherein the Genius of Indolence has been quartered now almost two years. I expect to cast this evil Genius out in very short order."

One afternoon early in summer the Genius of Wealth entered poor Mabel's home for the first time. And what did he bring? He brought a letter with him from the post-office; and this letter he put quickly in Mr. Fellows'

hand. Then with a wink to his friend Industry, the two Genii stood beside the man, both anxious to see what effect the letter would produce.

"Well, if this ain't a windfall!" exclaimed Samuel, jumping up from his chair. "Here, Mabel, read this letter!" Mabel read it hurriedly, and she also uttered an ejaculation:—"Thank God!" More than these two words she could not speak, because her heart was too suddenly filled with joy.

The letter was from a attorney in England, informing Mr. Samuel Fellows that through the demise of an uncle of his on his father's side he had fallen heir to part of the fortune left by the said deceased relative; and that this inheritance amounted to at least one thousand pounds sterling, provided the property bequeathed could be sold at its present market value.

I will not detain you, dear readers, by describing to you in detail all that happened after the receiving of this letter. Samuel Fellows went to work at last; the love of money that awoke within him drove him to it. He was now a man and husband quite different from the one he had been a short while before. First it required considerable labor until he obtained actual possession of his inheritance, which, when he finally received it, amounted to a little over five thousand dollars of our money. Then he set to work investing his money. He purchased three lots on which he built a dwelling-house and another house in which he intended to open a store for general merchandise. The dwelling-house was provided with good furniture, and the store with a plentiful and well assorted stock of goods. Samuel, to the surprise of everybody, became an industrious and successful business man. And not a small part of his success, he acknowledged gratefully, he owed to the energetic assistance received from his noble wife.

Ten years had gone by—years of happiness, such as Mabel Fellows had not really hoped ever to experience,—when her husband's good fortune suddenly met with a reverse. What happened? Did he fail in

business? Did he lose his property? Yes! But how did it happen? Had the times become too hard? Had some other temporal misfortune befallen Mr. Fellows and ruined him? No! Ah, my readers! those evil Genii, the passions!

One day, while the Genius of Industry was making his customary tour of inspection in the village, he was accosted by two other Genii, who came walking along the street arm in arm like two good friends and very close companions.

"Hello, Industry!" said the Genius of Intemperance. "What's the good cheer? You seem to be in a very gay and pleasant humor this morning."

"Why shouldn't I be?" answered Industry. "Do you see this lovely dwelling-house? and that fine large store beside it? My friend Wealth it is who enabled the owner to build and furnish these houses. Of all the homes in this village the home of Mr. Samuel Fellows is now my most cherished dwelling-place."

"We have already heard the story," replied the Genius of Gambling with a malicious grin. "Our friend Indolence has informed us of all. We came to this village only the beginning of this week. You know, last Monday the first saloon was opened here for the people. The saloon is our natural play-ground, our common field of operation. Therefore have we come to this village—Intemperance and Gambling! The saloon-keeper invited us, and here we are—ha! ha! You needn't stare at us so! Many victims will the saloon ensnare for us; and your client and protege, Samuel Fellows, shall be our first prey."—With a heartless chuckle the two evil Genii passed on.

On Saturday evening Samuel Fellows took his first step towards the saloon—it was the first step towards his downfall and the ruin of his temporal fortune. The Genius of Intemperance put in his hand the whisky glass, and the Genius of Gambling gave him the playing-cards. Poor wife! poor children! We pity you most heartily. But the scene that should now be passed before our eyes is

too sad and distressing for us to contemplate. Therefore we let the curtain drop, to hide it from our view.

Which is the "great motive power!" It will not be difficult for you to answer the question, dear readers. It is the love of money. Proverb: "Money makes the mare go."

Our Musical Department.

MUSIC has, as it were, a magic power. Its charm is felt by all men, whether good or bad, savage or civilized. To one who is at peace with God, himself, and all the world around him, everything appears to be in harmony and full of music.

The influence which, according to its nature, music exerts over man is manifold. It may awaken in him pious sentiments and emotions, and turn his thoughts to God; while it may also create in him a love for earthly things and sensual pleasures. It is a most powerful means of gladdening our lives, for it brings forth our best and noblest feelings; and, while sanctifying the past, fills our minds with a sense of what is beautiful and virtuous. Our thoughts are elevated above our daily toil and anxieties to something more sublime and beautiful. Music may be called the language of the soul, for it touches its most tender chords.

All music, however, is not capable of giving us such a moment of the purest joy. If the particular subject is a noble one, and treated correctly, according to the ideas it implies, the music is said to be classical. Such pieces, as for instance "The Maiden's Prayer," can certainly not be called classical. A maiden is hardly supposed to pray in the manner indicated by the piece. Eminent composers of secular as well as of Church music enter into the very nature of the theme. Much trashy music is published especially in this country.

The study of music is very difficult, and demands, besides talent and daily practice, a great love for music, combined with uncommon energy and perseverance. To become an accomplished musician, it is moreover necessary that the musical education

be commenced in early youth, because deep and lasting impressions are made on the youthful mind, so that musical habits formed in youth will mould, in a greater or less degree, the future taste and practice of the individual. It is astonishing, how some children, even before they have attained the use of reason, can master comparatively difficult compositions. The genius of a Mozart, Mendelsohn, and other musicians of world-wide renown, was thus apparent in their early boyhood. This, however, is not always the case. Shumann, for instance, was not allowed by his father to practice on any musical instrument or in any way become acquainted with music at home; but on being sent to a college to study medicine, he managed to practice every day six hours on the piano.

It is gratifying to notice that the necessity of music as a factor in education is now almost universally acknowledged.

The College authorities, considering the many benefits and advantages derived from a musical education, have taken great pains and expended large sums of money to equip the music department. As everything in its first stages of existence needs constant help and encouragement, it was only by close application and persevering efforts on the part of the students of music, as well as by the kind encouragement which they received from the professors of the College, that such surprising results have been obtained within the small space of time.

During the first two years, the music department was under the direction of Prof. C. Haas, who is an accomplished musician and above all an expert pianist. In the second year, however, a fresh impulse was given to music in the College by organizing a military band. For various reasons it might not seem desirable to organize such a band in a College. The sound produced by those learning to play a horn is extremely disagreeable, or even maddening (if the expression is permissible), to anybody, who "nolens volens" can not help hearing it; at least very annoying to one who wishes to apply his mind to thinking. It is also necessary that there are always some who practice without being members of the band, that in case any member should drop off, another one may take his place.

A happy combination of circumstances partly removed these obstacles at our College. Moreover, a newly organized band, whose members have at least acquired a theoretical knowledge of music, while some have obtained

proficiency on older instruments, will soon be good performers, under the guidance of their instructor.

The faculty is to be congratulated on engaging Mr. Carl Hemmersbach, formally professor of music at St. Mary's, Ky. Mr. Hemmersbach, who is a graduate of the Conservatory at Cologne, Germany, is an eminent musician and a performer of remarkable proficiency on the violin, cornet and piano. He received a thorough musical education and has, although being also well acquainted with Church music, a special love for classical music and the talent to interpret the old masters. He is, moreover, a band-leader of practical experience and to his directions and instructions, as well as to the efforts of the members themselves, the success of the band is to be ascribed. Last year, Mr. Hemmersbach accepted a position in Boston, Mass. During his comparatively short stay, he has done much to promote music at the College.

Several new instruments have meanwhile been purchased, so that the band now consists of twenty-three members. They make a fine appearance in their handsome new uniforms. The band, as well as almost the entire music department, is now in charge of Father Clement, who by his untiring energy is sure to increase the reputation which he has already won, and especially to encourage the study of sacred music.

The orchestra, consisting of several violins, viola, cello, bass trombone, clarinet, flute, and piano, in all fourteen members, also deserves to be mentioned. Although it has till now given but few public performances, its efforts can not fail to meet with success. The orchestra, too, has been organized for the sole purpose of giving the students of music every facility for a thorough musical training. Father John, who gives lessons on the violin, or stringed instruments rather, is a distinguished violinist himself and devotes a considerable portion of his valuable time to a proper instruction in this line.

There are also several amateur players in the College, who, much to the delight of their fellow-students, assemble in temporary glee-clubs.

Wherever there is a celebration of a religious or national character, or an opportunity to promote the cause of charity, the College Band is sure to be there and elicit universal applause by the excellent selection of pieces and their manner of performance.

ARNOLD WEYMANN,
III. LATIN CLASS.

St. Joseph's Collegian.

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February, 1895.

EDITORIAL.

THE COLLEGIAN calls special attention to the article, "Hints on College Education," in the last issue. We regret very much that the article was rendered unintelligible by transposition.

The regular semi-annual examination at the College closed with an entertainment. The exercises were held this year on January 28th, the programme was made up mostly of the efforts of the members of C. L. S. in the various departments.

THE COLLEGIAN is one of the very best advertising mediums of its kind anywhere to be found. It reaches priests, teachers, and parents of students who in most instances are business men. Rates will be cheerfully made known upon application. Subscribers answering advertisers will confer a great favor on us by mentioning THE COLLEGIAN.

The Library of the Columbian Literary Society has been considerably increased of late by a number of volumes of the best classical authors. This Library affords great advantages to the members of the Society. It would be presumptuous for any one at a College to speak of the necessity there exists for each student to become thoroughly famil-

iar with the works treating on the various branches of knowledge in which his interest is centered. Indeed, as the library is the complement of the class-room, no student can expect to do thorough work without frequent consultation of the volumes of reference contained therein.

Rhetoric Examination Paper.

Following are the answers to the questions proposed, together with pertinent remarks dictated after every question answered. From the examination book of Jas. F. Connelly, Rhetoric Class I.]

Q.—Define Taste in its metaphorical sense.

A.—Taste may be defined as that faculty of the mind which enables it to perceive, with the aid of reason to judge of, and with the help of the imagination to enjoy, whatever is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature and art.

D.—As we distinguish by the sense of Taste, taken in its literal signification, different flavors, in like manner do we recognize, by an analogous faculty of the mind, the most delicate beauties and the most minute imperfections.

Q.—Is the faculty of Taste common to all men, and possessed by them in an equal degree?

A.—The faculty of Taste is common to all men and is even given to the small child by nature; for to have some discernment of beauty is no less essential to man, than to possess the attributes of speech and reason. But it is not possessed by all men in an equal degree.

D.—There seems to be a greater difference between men as respects Taste, than in point of common sense, reason, or judgment. In this nature discovers her beneficence. Though capricious in many things, she is impartial in bestowing faculties necessary to man's well-being.

Q.—To what two things is the inequality of Taste to be ascribed?

A.—The inequality of Taste is to be as-

cribed first to nature, which has endowed some with more sensitive organs than others; education, however, has more to do with the formation of Taste than nature, for Taste is eminently an improvable faculty.

Q.—What are the characteristics of Taste, when brought to its most perfect state?

A.—The characteristics of a cultivated Taste are delicacy, which enables us to discover beauties that lie hid from the vulgar eye; and correctness by which we judge everything by the standard of good sense.

D.—There can be no due appreciation of the affections, characters, and actions of men by minds whose motives and principles conflict with those which they respectively contemplate or describe. On the selfish and hard-hearted man the highest beauties of poetry are necessarily lost.

Q.—Is every man's Taste to him a standard without appeal?

A.—Every man's Taste is neither to himself nor to anyone else a standard without appeal; otherwise we could not properly censure anyone who should prefer, for instance, an empty rhymester to Milton.

D.—Examples of vitiated Taste, whether we apply this term literally to the external sense, or, figuratively, to the internal faculty, meet us on all sides.

Q.—What gave rise to the trite proverb “*de gustibus non disputandum*,” “there is no disputing about tastes?”

A.—Variety in Tastes, or, more properly, the existence of opposite Taste, gave rise to the old proverb, “*de gustibus non disputandum*.”

D.—It must be observed that the diversity of men's Tastes does not necessarily imply incorrectness in any. Varieties of Taste are a kind dispensation of Providence that diversifies the aspect of human society as it diversifies the flowers of the field. Truth, which is the object of reason, is one; beauty, which is the leading object of Taste, is manifold.

Q.—What is, then, the real value of the above maxim, or how may it be applied?

A.—The above maxim is based on the

warranted existence of variety in Tastes, and may be applied when this faculty is exercised on different things. One man relishes poetry most; another takes pleasure in history alone. But when on the same object men disagree, when one condemns as ugly what another admires as beautiful, then we have no longer diversity, but direct opposition, and the application of the proverb is not justifiable. There may be, however, a divergence of opinion on the same object as long as a person does not pronounce a thing absolutely beautiful, but declares it such only to himself and then the proverb naturally obtains. From the standard of Taste such a person would be adjudged as having a vitiated or an uncultivated Taste.

Q.—If there is some foundation for the preference of one man's Taste to another's, some standard by which all may be judged, what is this standard?

A.—Whenever an imitation of any natural object is aimed at, fidelity to nature is the proper criterion of the truly beautiful. But there must be a living criterion to interpret nature and it is evident that no one individual will presume to possess a judgment superior to that of all the rest. Hence, we put down as a standard, the concurrent sentiments of men, whose Tastes are improved by science and philosophy.

D.—Even among the most refined nations, accidental causes occasionally pervert the exercise of Taste or bias its decisions. Authority or prejudice may, in one age or country, give a short lived reputation to an indifferent poet, or a bad artist; but when foreigners or posterity candidly examine his works, his faults are discovered, and the genuine Taste of human nature is seen. Time overthrows the illusions of opinion, but establishes the decisions of nature.

Q.—Can a person be capable of appreciating poetry, eloquence, and the productions of art, who has himself no abilities for composing or executing?

A.—Though Genius is a higher power than Taste, any person possessing the char-

acteristics of Taste, delicacy and correctness, may even criticize the compositions of literature and the productions of art, for these two qualities form a good critic.

D.—A universal genius is not likely to excel in anything; only when the creative powers of the mind are directed exclusively to one object, is there a prospect of attaining eminence. Extreme heat can be produced only when the rays converge to a single point. With taste the reverse is the case; exercising it on one class of objects is likely to improve it as regards all. Genius, which is the gift of nature, attains its growth at once; while Taste, being in a great degree the result of assiduous study and cultivation, requires long and careful training to attain perfection.

Q.—What lesson should a student learn from this paragraph?

A.—From the remarks just given a student may learn the necessity of having a special avocation, trade, or business, and the importance of concentrating all his efforts in that particular calling or career. In the same paragraph, too, we find a reason why early compositions and productions in the infancy of a literature or an art, are remarkable more for originality than for delicacy of both conception and expression. In fact those who dazzle the minds of their readers with great and brilliant thoughts are too apt to disregard the lesser graces of composition.

[This method of alternating between a question and a dictation offers the best opportunity of bringing before the student's mind the whole tract in a condensed form, and, at the same time, alleviates the task of examination for the student. At the final examination the sentences dictated are formulated into questions and thus the benefits of them are secured to the student.]

My Christmas Vacation.

[T was most delightful to hear the plans of the students in anticipation of Christmas. The innumerable amusements we were going to engage in during our two weeks' freedom from the thralldom of books

were so lively discussed at the table that sometimes it became too lively. Everyone was filled with joyous expectations of a happy meeting with relatives and comrades, and I had the happiness of being one of their number.

Time seemed to go on crutches during the last days, till the long-looked-for hour came when I was to take leave from professors, students, and my "Alma Mater".

Once in the cars, I could hardly restrain outbursts of joy, for soon I would be in the loving embrace of those dearest to me. The time between the arrival and departure of the trains of the Monon and Wabash was spent very pleasantly.

But oh! what expressions of joy filled my heart, when once more I was held in the loving embrace of my dear mother from whom I had been separated for three months. No worldly joy could ever have made me happier than the one of again seeing that ever-cheerful face. From the day of my arrival till Christmas, I spent my time at home in the company of the joy of my life.

Before the dawn of day, the day of Christmas, I was in the church adoring the sweet little Infant lying in the manger. He it was whom I intended to receive into my heart and there to keep Him, never to be separated from Him anymore.

After Christmas I spent my time in various manners especially by skating. For hours I would glide over the smoothly frozen surface of the South Side Lake, in the city of "The White Chief that Never Slept."

My evenings were spent at home listening to the sweet strains of music and engaging in social chats and amusements with dear friends. But worldly joys are not lasting, for I have found this to be true times and again.

As the 5th of January was the limit of our Christmas vacation, I had to take leave from home. Though a somewhat painful duty, yet a small store of sweetmeats and best wishes lessened it in some degree.

The trip back to College was in no way

devoid of pleasure, yet with all its attractions it was not so gratifying to me as the homeward journey. And now I am sitting at my desk attempting to study, but endearing thoughts of home still linger in my mind.

MASTER EDWARD KOENIG.

COLUMBIAN NOTES.

BY WM. D. SULLIVAN.

THE holidays and the late examinations have greatly interfered with the regular routine of the Society during the past month, only two business meetings having been held since vacation commenced, and the programs suffering proportionately.

At the first business meeting the society was delighted to learn that the Rev. A. M. Grussi had consented to become a contributor to THE COLLEGIAN and that one of his charming stories would appear in each issue.

The Committee on Books reported that they had invested the surplus of the treasury in books, standard Catholic writers receiving due recognition in the selection. The Catholic World and the Reading Circle Review were also reported added to the library reading table.

Unforeseen circumstances having made it an impossibility to deliver the literary program publicly in the Auditorium, it was decided to postpone all the selections except the debate, which was given immediately after the business meeting. The question: Does North America abound in more natural curiosities than Europe? Affirmative: Messrs Mungovan, Vogel, and Didier. Negative: Messrs. Weyman, Baunach, and Muinch. Although almost wholly unprepared for the question, the gentlemen upheld their respective sides creditably and evoked much applause from the audience. On account of the short time given to the debaters for preparation, no judges were appointed, and no decision was given on the question.

At the last meeting, the Rev. Spiritual

Director made a few appropriate remarks after the reading of the minutes, congratulating the members of the society on the success of their efforts during the past term, encouraging them to greater efforts in the future and promising to aid them in raising the programs to a still higher standard.

The Executive Committee reported the following program for the commencement of the new school term:

High School Cadets,	Band.
Dissertation, Loyalty to } our College,	J. F. Cogan.
Dirge,	Band.
Recitation, "Life and Death," } and "Now",	Edw. Koenig.
Essay,	Jos. Pfeifer.
"On Deck",	Band.
Classical Recitation	T. M. Conroy.
Florella Quadrille,	Orchestra.
Humorous Recitation,	L. A. Eberle.
The "Columbian,"	Editor Fitzpatrick.
L'Addio Alto Solo,	Band.

The Boebner Columbian Guards.

At the opening of the scholastic year 1894-1895 twelve of the best drilled cadets from St. Joseph's College Battalion asked permission of their Chaplain Rev. Maximilian Walz, to form a separate squad for the purpose of taking a more advanced course in military display movements. The Chaplain, knowing with what undaunted energy these petitioners had hitherto worked, granted their request.

The following day a meeting was called, during which a code of rules was drawn up to govern the new organization. After other business of a similar nature had been transacted, a name by which the squad should be known was voted upon; but the votes cast were unanimous for the name which it now bears, viz.: "Boebner Columbian Guards." The name was chosen in honor of our Ex-Chaplain, Rev. Benedict Boebner. All the members purchased at once a full military uniform of deep blue, a color which the col-

lege had adopted some time previous. Taking into consideration the short time of its existence and the many difficulties with which it had to struggle, the squad feels safe to say that, judging from the present conditions, a complete success is assured. On several different occasions they have been called upon to give exhibition drills and have always, as yet, returned laden with honors—They are still considered members of the battalion, and appear at all dress parades, inspections, etc. under the leadership of their commander.

The names of the members with the per cent they made at a recent competitive drill are as follows :

B. C. G.

Commander—Law. A. Eberle.

Jos. Pfeifer,.....	97 Per Cent.
Fr. Muinch,.....	89 "
Thos. Glennen,.....	93 "
Jas. Reilly,.....	94 "
Fr. Schloer,.....	95 "
Jos. Kohne,.....	96 "
Edw. Mug,.....	93 "
Edw. Mungovan,.....	95 "
Geo. Eder,.....	92 "
J. Berbericks,.....	95 "
L. Bach,.....	95 "
Fr. Kuenle,.....	95 "

S. L. G.

Commander—Capt. Jas. B. Fitzpatrick.

Priv. Dichman,.....	96 Per Cent.
" Seroczynski,.....	95 "
" Lyons,.....	94 ³ / ₄ "
" Kramer,.....	94 ¹ / ₂ "
" Eugessor,.....	94 ¹ / ₄ "
" F. Diefenbach,.....	94 "
" Travis,.....	93 "
" Jonas,.....	93 "
" Dwenger,.....	92 "
" G. Diefenbach,.....	91 "
" Fleck,.....	91 "
" Hordeman,.....	91 "
" Lennartz,.....	91 "
" Sutter,.....	91 "
" Gray,.....	90 "
" Vanvlandren,.....	90 "
" Van Hoff,.....	90 "

Priv. Loectefeld,.....	89 Per Cent.
" Romer,.....	89 "

AIDE-DE-CAMP.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Ed. Walters is absent on business.

Rev. Fathers Meahan and Schott of Chicago honored us with a visit on January the 7th.

The following students entered College since Christmas: John Michaely of Michigan City, Ind., Henry Boke of Maria Stein, Ohio, and Ignatius Zircher of Bryan, Ohio. The hand of good fellowship was extended to them on their arrival.

Rev. A. Young of Garret, Ind., one of the most liberal benefactors of the College, visited us from Jan. 22nd to 24th, and was an interested attendant at the first day's classroom examination. We regret that the Reverend Father could not stay with us to the close of the examination for the programs.

We are sorry to announce that Mr. Nicholas Griewe, President of the C. L. S., was called away from school Jan. 28th, by the sad news of his father's death. THE COL-

LEGIAN extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Griewe and his bereaved folk in their hour of grief.

Mr. Albinus G. Klein, a commercial student of '92—'93, and a former Columbian, is now engaged as book-keeper and cashier for the firm of Werst and Collins, the largest dry goods house in Wapakoneta, Ohio. We are glad to hear of our old friend's success in securing such a remunerative and responsible position.

Rev. Cyprian Bancheid of Joliet, Ill., who was the guest of Rev. F. Shalk at the Normal School, attended our Military exhibition drill Jan. the 28th.

Rev. A. M. Grussi, C. PP. S., author of "Drops of Honey;" "A. B. C. for Catholic Children;" "All for Jesus;" and a contributor to various papers and magazines, has, in

this issue of THE COLLEGIAN, the first of a series of stories. We are glad to have the Rev. Father with us in Collegeville, for with the increase in the size of THE COLLEGIAN we are sure his facile pen will do much to make it more welcome to its friends.

Rev. Francis Edward Missler, C. PP. S., the youngest priest of the Most Precious Blood Community and brother of Rev. Otto Missler of Winimac, Ind., delivered up his youthful life willingly and peacefully into the hands of the Almighty Jan. 16th, after having been ordained priest but five months. The interment of his remains took place at Carthagena, Ohio, where he had made his course of studies. Some of the younger priests at College desire to pay a loving tribute to his memory, as at one time he had been a former class-mate of theirs.

R. I. P.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Auction at Vogelstein's!

How does the white one look?

Do you want that fellow in too?

Just one more minute—Gentlemen, I thank you.

"Irish's" physiognomy will not appear in emerald type when it is seen.

The impromptu entertainment in the College Auditorium brought to light some "hidden gems."

Bismark may be on the decline, but he is still the biggest dog in Collegeville. The deep snow seems to develop his Alpine instincts and bring back to him his native country and mission.

The propriety of saying morning prayers before breakfast was recently felt by several —stomachs.

On Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 16th, the Rev. Father Rector gave the students a treat in the form of a sleigh ride. Their terminus was the poor-farm, some miles northwest of Rensselaer. The superintendent kindly

showed them through the large and comfortable apartments of the Jasper County Infirmary. All enjoyed the ride and did ample justice to a lunch upon their arrival home.

The stern yet good-natured Aide-de-Camp, after turning the crank of a hand-organ, belonging to one of the minims, for about ten minutes, exclaimed, "Say George, this thing plays only one tune." "I know it, ju-ju-ju—just keep on turning," articulated the little fellow gleefully.

The B. C. G. wish to extend a vote of thanks to Mr. F. Glennen for a supply of bunting which he brought from home and placed at the disposal of the Battalion. Judging from the interest the boys in blue are displaying, Military Day will be this year again a big success.

The class-room examinations with their concomitant fears and amusing episodes are now over. They were held from Jan. the 16th to the 19th.

The annual Spiritual Retreat, or Triduum, follows and closes the first session.

Rev. Father Weichmann of Gas City, Ind., is to conduct the spiritual exercises.

The picturesque pond northwest of the College was for several days an attractive field for our 'gliding sportsmen, but the recent snow has been a meddlesome squatter.

"Brinky," who is still waiting on the sun, was sorely put to trial the other day when those "three suns" appeared in the morning skies. A glance at the thermometer registering eighteen degrees below zero convinced him that the smile in the heavens was treacherous. But for this warning finger he would have felt his error to the very marrow.

The holiday journeys to and fro were not without their amusing happenings, as subsequent revelations sufficiently testified. Among other, events two were reported insurance agents much to the disappointment of their friends, who "never expected the like of Ed—much less of Tom."

During these days of Siberian exile and

Russian reign, the College edifice presents the appearance of a formidable castle. Without, Old Borealis holds stiff nature in his icy grip; within, perennial spring and perpetual life seem to reign supreme. The College may be called a miniature world and never does this fact appear to better advantage than in winter with its swarming inhabitants.

If the hearty merriment and applause that greets the ear from the Parliamentary Law Class in class room No. 2 every Sunday morning bespeaks the popularity of the class and teacher, and this it does, Major Cogan's is a happy lot. Indeed, there is hardly a class at College that offers such many-sided attractions and advantages. Boy's, look out for convention day!

Roll of Honor for Good Conduct.

FIRST TERM.

Messrs. J. Cogan, J. Betzner, J. Fitzpatrick, T. Conroy, J. Abel, Wm. Sullivan, T. Reitz, T. Brackmann, F. Kuenle, E. Ley, V. Krull, C. Faist, Wm. Brinkman, E. Mug, G. Missler, Wm. Singler, P. Stairert, E. Walters, Tit. Kraemer, D. Schneider, J. Kohne, C. Didier, J. Dickman, C. Frenzer, H. Loechtefels, Wm. Lennartz, Wm. Horde-man, J. Osterloh, P. Kanney, F. Tunney.

[The roll of honor will appear hereafter in every number of THE COLLEGIAN.]

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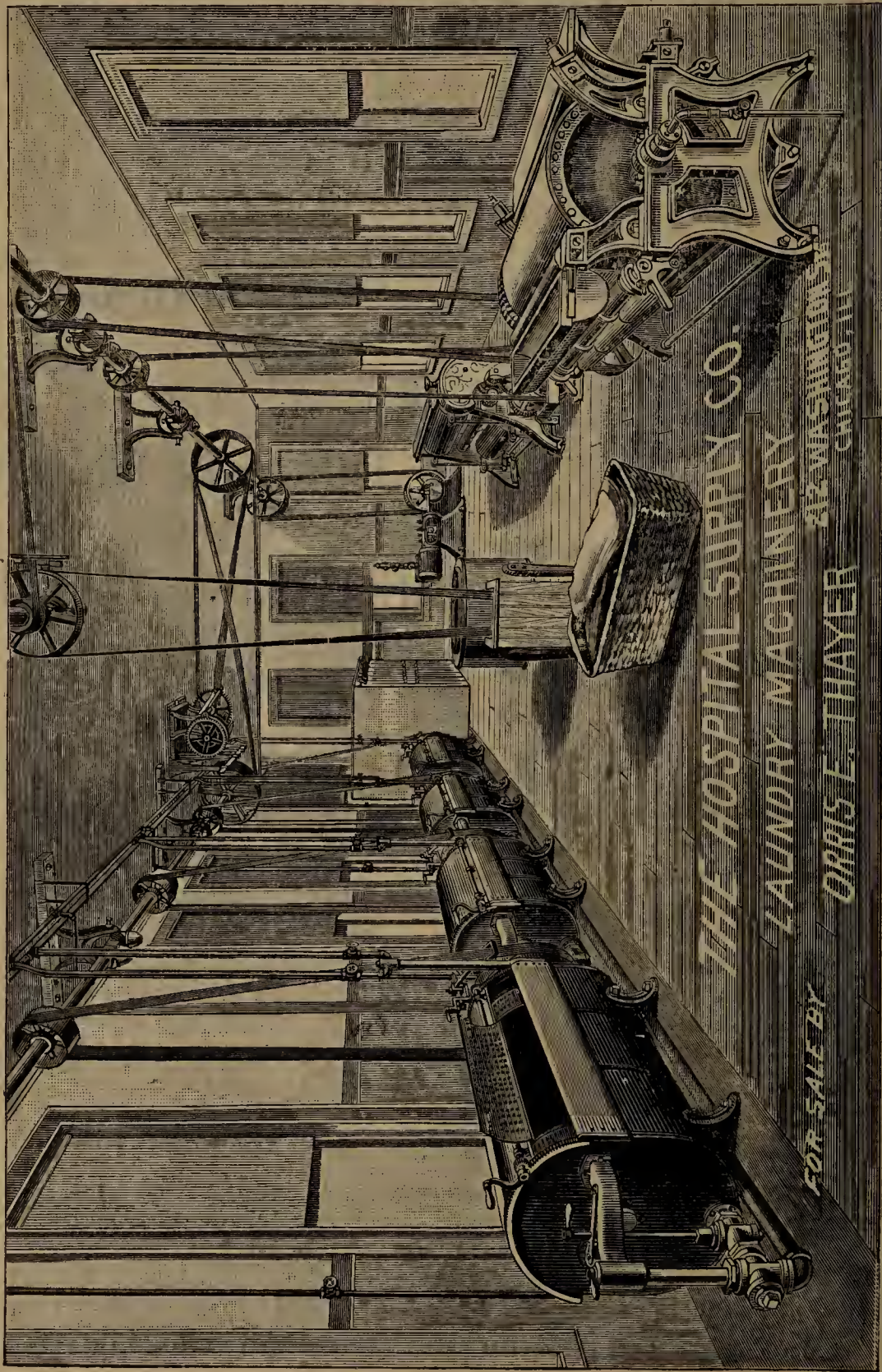
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